

Baby, You're A Firework by MissCorn

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Summary:

El goes on a trip with Jim and when she comes back it's finally time for the next meet-up, which happens to be outdoors, in the middle of nowhere with a car parked nearby!

OR

Firework watching, car masturbation and the first orgasm for my gurl
El < 3

Baby, You're A Firework

Author's Note:

* Hey, beautiful creatures! I know I screwed up and I feel shitty about it every day. I also know that a lot of you really liked the series and stopping with the updating was an awful thing to do. I'm deeply sorry and I hope that at least some of you are still interested to see how this will turn out!

* You can find me at <https://mikes2ndcousinfromsweden.tumblr.com/> where you can always send me requests <3

(* The characters are all aged-up)

El was ecstatic, feeling the warmth of the sun on her skin, seeing bright red under her closed eyelids, petting the soft blades of grass with the tips of her fingers, her head softly set on a folded fabric. She hadn't felt so carefree and relaxed in... forever. When she escaped from the lab, one of the first things she felt was the cold, pouring rain on her skin, making her bones and joints hurt from the humidity. When, after a week, she defeated the Demogorgon sending herself by mistake to the Upside Down and coming back, the weather was already worsening and snow soon made its appearance. Snow, of course, was something entirely new, unique and beautiful in her eyes, but only at first. Shortly, she came up against the stinging cold, until Hopper found and took her in, caring for her and treating her wounds. After that, it was the "be smart" policy, and El eventually understood how important it was to stay hidden and away from her friends and... Mike, but it was killing her not being able to go outside. She felt once again like a prisoner.

But *this*, being here with Hopper, it was pure bliss. They were staying at an isolated cabin an old friend of Hopper's owned and used when going fishing in the summertime and as it wasn't summertime yet, he was eager to let them stay for some days. She spent most of her time

there lying in the sun or sitting on the shore by the lake with her feet underwater. She lived all her life as a lab experiment, kept and locked in sterilized box rooms, that everything outside that hell felt like a miracle. Everything deserved the same attention, the same amount of time to examine. Hypersensitive to all nature had to give, she observed with a longing she didn't know she had. The sun, the soil under her feet, the water, the flowers, the insects, the animals, everything was so *alive*, so peacefully combined and for once she felt that she *belonged*, like a piece from a puzzle, perfectly fitting together with her environment.

Their last day before heading back to Hawkins, Hopper took El fishing with a small boat, but when he took the fishing gear and tools out she refused to catch and harm any of the fish, *which kept her company the last couple of days by the shore, as she explained*, and they ended up just feeding them a bread loaf. Hopper could sense the change in her behavior and *aura* after their little getaway. *Nature did her good*, he thought and felt how beneficial it was for her, her cheeks now rosy from the sun and her smile easy. She made his heart flutter.

* * *

The rest of April passed by smoothly, with El and Hopper falling back to their everyday chores. After their trip, they seemed to understand each other better, communicating almost effortlessly. They had more movie nights and no serious fights, and that wasn't only good for their in-house relationship, but also had a great impact on Jim's performance at work. At the end of the month, Hopper was so proud of El, he decided to buy her a present and after some thinking, he went for a waffle maker, so they could both have fresh waffles whenever they pleased. That made El a very happy girl, and even more so as May's meetup was only one week and three days away.

* * *

Counting days did NOT help at all. Just made it worse; the waiting. Like every day was longer than the previous one. Nothing seemed to satisfy her anymore. She had listened to her favorite records countless times, *some until she hated them*, danced herself to exhaustion, tried reading, but couldn't stay focused for more than twenty minutes, made waffles with almonds, waffles with

blueberries, waffles with cheese, waffles with chocolate chips, and ate *all* of them until she fell sick. That last one was two days ago and she hadn't eaten waffles since then. *Tomorrow*, El repeated to herself, shaking her arms around the living room, pacing nervously, watching the clock on the wall with pleading eyes and expecting it to magically jump twelve hours in the future so she could go to sleep and wake up the morning after.

The guys arranged for them to drive with Jonathan to see something called *fireworks*, Mike had said so one night when she had visited him before sleeping. Again, she had found him in the bathroom, this time leaning towards the mirror, examining his chin as he rubbed it with a confused expression in his eyes, the one where his eyebrows almost met at the center of his forehead. She observed as he took a razor from his dad's stuff and carefully shaved his upper lip and chin, washing off the remainings and checking the outcome by brushing his skin with his fingertips. He dried himself and off he went to his room, got under his covers but held one end up inviting her to join him. When she climbed on his bed and curled herself in his arms, he lowered the covers and met her forehead with his. She was stronger and thus her form was getting more solid on demand. "I don't want to irritate your skin when we meet, that's why I did that," he said with raspy voice and licked his lips. She placed her thumb on his chin feeling the smooth skin and urged him to keep talking. That's when he told her about the *fireworks* and how at first it was supposed to be a surprise but he couldn't keep it any longer. He was planning this for months. After a while, his talking turned into a whisper as his energy levels dropped lower and soon he stopped altogether. El kept herself awake for as long as she could, studying his breath and the way his eyes moved behind his closed eyelids, missing the warmth from his body she would normally feel if she was *actually* there.

When she had woken up the next morning she had thought about those *fireworks*. She could ask Hopper about them, but Mike had asked her not to. He wanted it to be a surprise and he broke that promise to himself by telling her about it, so she decided to act as if she didn't know in the first place.

Now, the day was getting closer and she was beyond excited and kind of *nervous*, not knowing what to await for. She found it difficult to

sleep that night, her thoughts racing, unable to find even *one* comfortable position in her bed, one moment she was hot and sweating, pushing her covers off her body, and the next she was cold and pulling them back on. She was annoyed by how slow the hours went by in the light of the day when she was eager and impatient for time to pass, in comparison to how fast the hours went by when she was tired but couldn't sleep. She heard the birds outside her window chirp and she concluded that she was indeed awake, and she had been for quite a while now, estimating that she mustn't have slept more than an hour in total overnight. *Ugh.*

Hopper knocked on her door, "Come in", she mumbled, and he opened the door to let her know he was off to work. She shut her eyes once again and the next time she opened them, the luminous numbers of her digital clock at her bedside table were informing her that the morning had come and passed and now it was late afternoon. *16:13. I must have slept through the day*, she thought, and stretched her back, slowly waking up. *Well, at least now I don't have to worry what to do all day.*

After breakfast, that was more of a *lunch* than breakfast, she chose the clothes she would be wearing that evening; a white summer dress from Nancy and one of Jim's old black jean jackets and laid them on her bed. Happy with her outfit she stormed into the bathroom to take a shower and took her time washing and conditioning her hair. It was still short, but now it was almost touching her shoulders in length and she really enjoyed taking care of it. On her way out she glanced at the bottle of body lotion, Hopper had bought for her one week ago. *"Ehh, my- my ex-wife used to wear these a lot. Thought you might want to try it? It's supposed to make your skin smell good... or... something, I- I don't know."*, he had tried explaining. She hadn't used it... yet, but *now* felt like a good start. She took it with her and sat at the end of her bed reading the etiquette. *Caramel... dry skin... hydration...* She poured a small amount on her palm and hesitantly brought it near her nose, then inhaled. A small smile made its way to her lips and she spread the cream to her lower leg. The skin there felt silky now. *Oh, Mike's gonna like this*, she thought and proceeded to the rest of her body attentively, until the whole house was filled with that rich caramel scent.

His thick, messy curls that resembled a crown were the first thing she noticed when Hopper drove her to the Byers' house. His back was turned and he was looking at the direction of the house from which Jonathan was coming out from, talking with Joyce. His hands were still holding the handlebars of his bike and one of his legs was still on the pedal. He was sitting in his saddle and from his side profile she could see he was panting, his lips parted as his chest was rising and falling rapidly. He hadn't yet noticed them and she deduced he must have arrived not long ago, cycling all the way from his house with all his power to get here on time.

Hopper pulled over and the sound from the car tires indicated their arrival, earning them a bunch of eyes turning towards their direction. When Mike's eyes met hers through the glass, she felt her pulse rising, felt the drum of her heart at her chest and the warmth at the tips of her fingers making her palms sweat. She felt her blood rush through her, setting her cheeks and ears on fire. Frozen in her seat, she continued to stare at him, their eyes locked and no one daring to blink. Somewhere at the back of her head, she thought she heard someone speak. "What?", she asked, her voice small and betraying her distraction. "I said 'I'll pick you up tomorrow morning'", he responded with slight amusement in his voice and exited the car, heading to Joyce. Simultaneously, her hand mimicked the movement and found her body acting faster than her brain could follow. Soon, she was out of the car walking faster towards Mike, who had let his bike fall to the ground some moments ago. His hair was curlier from his sweat, some strides falling in front of his eyes, and the look in his eyes emitted confidence and some kind of *hunger*.

She looked so damn pretty and like a magnet, he felt as an invisible force was pulling him to her. His whole body was telling him that *that* was the place for him to be. Around her, touching her, kissing her, caring for her, loving her. He was getting closer now and a scent of caramel lingered in the air, making the whole scene seem even more like a dream. Her cheeks were flushed and her hair was falling in waves around her face. He glanced at her parted lips and craved their taste. He didn't notice how close they were until their bodies collided. He lifted his hands and placed them on the sides of her face,

and felt her own coming to hold him by the back of his biceps. She gasped, leaning to his touch, her eyes softly closing as she raised herself to her tiptoes. “Hi”, she breathed between them, as their foreheads touched, and it felt like a tingle caressing his skin.

Hopper cleared his throat loudly, inspecting them like an overprotective dad, and they both jumped at the intrusion, instantly putting some space between them. Jonathan was hiding his smile behind the palm of his hand and Will, Lucas, and Dustin were exchanging glances. Joyce smacked Jim’s shoulder, “Now that everyone is here you should better be going, kids!”, she said caringly, after eyeing Jim scoldingly, and Jonathan got in the driver’s seat and signed for the rest of them to come.

* * *

Jonathan’s car had more rows than Joyce’s and Mike and El picked the last three seats, hidden behind Lucas and Dustin, as Will sat by his brother assisting with the music and song picking. They waited until they were on the road, and away from the pure embarrassment due to their public display of affection, to touch each other again.

From the corner of his eye, Mike looked for ways to subtly make *some* kind of physical contact with her, while engaging to the conversation with everyone else so he wouldn’t make it too obvious that Eleven was the main reason he was so excited to come to this excursion in the first place, when she set her hand on the seat between them. *That* was his chance. He lifted his hand to rub the bridge of his nose while laughing at one of Dustin’s jokes and on his way down he smoothly placed it on top of hers, acting unaffected and relaxed, but deep down dying to see how she would react. She hadn’t stopped staring out of the window, but now her reflection was betraying a small smile she was fighting to hide. There and then, she turned around flashing him the most heart-warming smile before sliding across the seats and into his embrace, tilting her chin higher and seeking for his lips, that divine feeling of belonging overflowing her.

Both were smiling to the kiss, their teeth bumping a few times, before finally managing to lock their lips, as her hand came to rest at the nape of his neck, pulling him closer. He took a deep breath as the movement brought their bodies together, reminding to the both of

them what they longed for, for so long. He wrapped one arm around her shoulders and with the other held her cheek as he attacked her mouth. "God, El, I missed you so much, you have no idea", he whispered between kisses, but she wouldn't allow him to withdraw for longer amounts of time. Her other hand was dangerously close to his cock as she used his upper thigh to pull herself closer and his blood was starting to boil. The music was louder now and the guys were all singing, too focused and hyped about the song to care what El and Mike were doing.

They were both fighting for dominance over the kiss, devouring each other's mouths. His tongue was exploring, synchronized with hers so that when he pulled out she would push hers in, and it felt like she was stealing the air from his lungs. One of her legs was already on his lap and the movement drove her dress higher up her thighs. She ran her fingers through his hair and he groaned into the kiss, sending vibrations down her throat as his excitement started *showing*. He pulled some inches away and met her lust-filled eyes as he felt himself getting harder, afraid that it was too soon or it was inappropriate and tried calming himself down by lowering his head and taking some deep breaths. It didn't help that he noticed her pale thighs showing under her summer dress and swallowed, his mouth watering at how close he was to her core. He could just place his hand on her thigh and few inches higher, her warmth would welcome his searching fingers. Of course, he wasn't going to be *that* guy, but that didn't mean the idea didn't excite him *even more*, which was a bad thing in his situation. His cock was painfully trapped and he couldn't help but grab his crotch with a rapid motion to ease some of the tension.

"You okay?", she asked worryingly. He huffed a little laugh that confused her, but answered truthfully "It's just that, you're extremely beautiful tonight and...", he leaned closer and bit his lower lip, choosing his words in order to not cross some line or make her uncomfortable by how much he desired her "and I want you so badly, you're driving me crazy", he trailed off and brought their mouths together tenderly.

"There *mutht* be thome kind of hotel around here that we could leave thethe two, don't you think?", Dustin's teasing voice was heard from

the front row and the guys laughed playfully. “Yeah, the car *stinks* like teen hormones!”, continued Lucas waving his hand in front of his nose and turned to look jokingly at the back seat where Mike was staring back at him with zero amusement in his eyes. Surprisingly, he heard El laugh and noticed it was because Dustin and Will were pretending to be Lucas and himself, reenacting the whole scene, exaggerating and being dramatic. It was kinda funny so he rolled his eyes and laughed as well. He wasn’t going to kiss her again while in the car, but that didn’t mean he was going to move his hand, that was now resting comfortably on El’s soft thigh rubbing small circles on its inner side.

* * *

They were sitting on the blankets they had brought with them, eating some of the fast food they bought on their way there while waiting for that yearly festival to begin. It was in an open, treeless area and you could enjoy the ten minute fireworks from miles away, but the closest you were the more spectacular they looked and they had found a secret spot quite close to where the magic happened.

It must have been around 9 o’clock, and despite the great weather and temperature earlier in the evening, it was starting to get chilly. El was sitting in between Mike’s legs, somewhat protected from the breeze, but still getting goosebumps. She shivered and hugged her legs closer to her chest, *this dress was a bad BAD idea*, she thought, as Mike ran his hands up and down her arms trying to produce some heat to warm her up. Still, though, her legs were bare and as much as she wanted to stay out longer, after the trip she had grown used to the sunlight and warmth, she wasn’t in such mood.

She turned her head slowly and looked at him with sad eyes, then proceeded to whisper in his ear “Maybe we could go inside the car and come out again when the fireworks start?”.

It was a proposition Mike instantly liked and hurriedly stood up. “Hey Jonathan, we’re gonna go inside and wait. It’s starting to get cold out here and I promised Hopper I was going to return her in perfect condition or else he’s gonna kill me”.

“Yeah, sure. And... there *might* be another blanket in there

somewhere *if* I remember correctly and *if* you're still cold", Jonathan replied and tossed him the keys. The rest of the guys so consumed in their own conversation they didn't even notice their absence until much later.

Mike nodded and signed for her to walk towards the direction of the car with a wink. It wasn't very far. But definitely some distance. They didn't park it in the meadow where they came to rest, so it was a five-minute walk till an open space a bit from the road. They were making small talk while walking and El reached and held his hand, but he smiled and pulled her closer, putting an arm around her shoulders as he planted a kiss to her temple. Shortly, they arrived and as soon as Mike unlocked the car, she was already inside, rubbing her hands together and waiting for him. He joined her and the moment he closed the door behind him, she was in his arms, her legs spread on his. He hugged her and smiled, resting his cheek on top of her head as she melted into his embrace.

"You okay?", he asked pulling backwards and she turned to look at him. "Much better.", she answered, arching her back and kissing him softly, tracing his puffy lips with her tongue. He stayed still, feeling her tongue and when she was done, he attacked her mouth hungrily. Quickly, the kiss grew heated, tongues tasting and teasing, and a sigh escaped her throat as he sucked her lower lip before giving it a playful bite. She wrapped her arms around his neck threading her fingers through his dark locks, as he caressed the side of her face and trailed kisses down her neck. The scent of her skin was intoxicating and he nibbled the tender skin above her collarbone. Like on auto-pilot, his hand traveled lower, passing over her rising breasts, then *lower*, to the outer side of her thigh until he reached her knee, where her dress was ending. He contemplated his options but didn't act, until El placed her hand on top of his, dragging it against her skin and urging him to lift the soft fabric.

His hand drove higher and higher, and he felt his throat tighten as he got closer to her core, sensing her warmth and almost exploding in his pants instantly. He groaned in her mouth and tightened his grip on her thigh. His thumb made contact with her panties and his head fell into the crook of her neck from the hypersensitivity of that final move. He was barely holding himself together when he heard her

voice. "Please, Mike.", she pleaded lifting his chin higher so their eyes could meet, and moved her legs further apart. Mike took a deep breath. "El, are you *sure* about this?", he asked with a small voice, unable to fully *believe* they were actually about to do this.

Instead of answering, she took his hand from her thigh and placed it between her legs, where he balanced himself in his knuckles, turning it into a fist on the seat underneath her. *Get yourself together, man*, he repeated over and over to himself like a mantra. Eventually, he raised his eyes and first looked into hers, her pupils blown wide, then down to her lips and kissed her deeply. Smoothly, she took her jean jacket off, fully exposing her shoulders and chest, and his hand came to hold the back of her neck as he locked their lips while pushing her body backward, climbing on the seats and hovering over her. He fought to remember even the smallest details in Nancy's words because *this* was his chance to show El how much he cared about her. It was *his* turn to make her feel good.

He left butterfly kisses on her lips, her chin, her pulse point at the side of her neck, and all the way to her chest. His face was in the valley between her breasts, inhaling her scent, his lips causing goosebumps to her soft skin and he reached with his hand to lift her knee higher, next to his hip, the position bringing back beautiful memories from their last sleepover. This time, he moved past her underwear, lifting her dress mid-waist, and squeezing hesitantly at her upper thigh.

He fiddled with the strap of her dress, rubbing it between his fingers before pulling it downwards. Her breath hitched as her breast was exposed from under her clothing, but the tingling sensation didn't last long as his mouth was on her in no time, the wet warmth of his mouth surrounding her hardened nipple. "Aghhh!", she whined as she felt his teeth rub against her nip and she yanked a handful of his curls, which only made him harder in his pants. He sucked and licked and teased with great determination until she was a writhing mess underneath him then slid his hand down her stomach and between her legs.

The moment his fingers came in contact with her underwear, she almost lost it. Her back arched and her head fell backward putting on full display her abused nipples, glistening in the dim light from

outside. She felt his arm tremble at the touch, but he continued nonetheless. She was soaking through her panties and his fingers were damp even by pushing on the soft fabric separating them. He moved up and down for a while, rubbing her mold, then carefully lifted her panties moving them to the side. He swallowed hard as he placed his fingers on her for the first time, completely bare under his palm, her wetness indicating her great arousal.

It was all too much. She felt him part her lips with his long fingers, spreading her arousal and teasing her entrance, all while staring at her dead in the eyes. “Is- is this *okay*?”, he asked shyly. “Oh, yes, yes, it is”, her response was absolute, erasing every little doubt in his mind, and he smirked, a smirk that did *things* to her. She pulled him into a desperate kiss and he moaned. His searching fingers grazed over her clit and her lower abdominal muscles tightened, her thighs abruptly trapping his hand between them. “Did I *hurt* you?”, he asked with wounded voice, stopping immediately. “Do it again”, she whispered to his lips and he circled the sensitive spot again eliciting a soft whimper from her.

He watched her from above, as she came apart, her body trembling under his touch, her eyes blissfully shut, her lips beautifully parted as her breath came in short. “Please, Mike, *please*”, she begged him, her hand clenching his shirt in order to steady herself. He brushed her entrance with his middle finger and she moved her hips to meet his hand, managing to make it sink inside her to the first knuckle. She sucked her lower lip and he kissed her gently as he pushed his finger deeper. Her mouth fell open at the sensation. He was inside her and he kept sinking deeper.

He felt her walls clenching around his digit and he pulled out, pushing in her once again. Her moans were music to his ears as he kept a good pace, diving in and out of her, her wetness coating his palm. He aligned a second finger in her entrance and pushed slowly in, watching her face change, her reactions shifting. She groaned loudly, panting and mumbling words he could barely hear. She was tight and burning hot around him and he couldn’t help but think how she would feel around his cock. His dick twitched at the thought. He had totally forgot about himself, entirely absorbed to how he was making her feel, he just noticed how painfully hard he was. But there

wasn't any time for that, he *was* going to make her come.

He placed his thumb where he remembered her clit to be and pushed lightly, circling the little bud while pushing his fingers into her. She grabbed his shoulders as she felt something deep inside her starting to boil, from her belly button down to her clitoris, something that made her toes curl, like a flood, like an explosion, fully consuming her. It was hard to describe as her mind went blank, her orgasm taking over her senses, blinding her. He felt her pulsating, her legs shaking, her fingers trembling, and her climax drove him straight to his own and he came in his pants, completely untouched.

Moments later, he heard the fireworks go off, but after what happened he was absolutely sure no firework could ever be as bright as El coming for the first time.